The Liberalist

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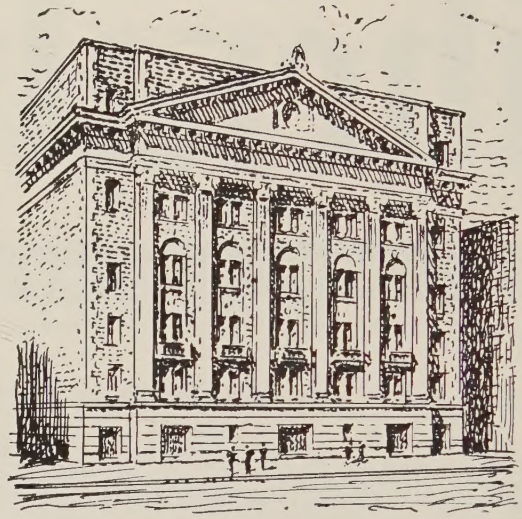
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

WOODCHUCKING

I have chased fugacious woodchucks
over many leagues of land,
But at last they've always vanished
in a round hole in the sand;
And though I've been woodchucking
many times—upon my soul—
I have never bagged my woodchuck,
for he always found his hole.

I have chased my hot ambitions
through the meadow white with flowers,
Chased them through the clover blossoms,
chased them through the orchard bowers;
Chased them through the old scrub pastures
till with weariness of soul
I at last have seen them vanish
like a woodchuck in his hole.

But there's fun in chasing woodchucks,
and I'll chase the vision still,
If it leads me through the dark pine woods
and up the stony hill.
There's a glorious expectation
that still lingers in my soul,
That some day I'll catch that woodchuck
ere he slides into his hole.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Belfast, Ireland
Monday, 26 June.

BELFAST once again! Never shall the memory of my first visit in 1926 fade away. On that never-to-be-forgotten visit I was to visit for the first time the homeland of my father's family. County Antrim, Belfast and Ballymoney were familiar words to me from my earliest recollection. As a youngster I resolved that someday I would visit them. Since my first visit I have gone back again and again and hope I can see them many times more.

In 1926 I preached for the first time in the York Street Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church and met the young, progressive minister, the Reverend Arthur Agnew. He had then and still has the largest congregation of the free and liberal faith in the United Kingdom. His has been one of the most effective ministries of anyone I know. Perhaps some reader will recall the visit which he made to our own pulpit in Chicago. It was a long time ago but the lilt of his Irish voice and the inspiring words he spoke linger in the hearts of all who heard him. How I wish he and his talented wife Isobel, who is a practicing physician in Belfast, could visit the Peoples Church during this 50th Anniversary year!

I was happy to be back in the Grand Central Hotel, Belfast, today. My long-time friends and genial hosts who manage the hotel greeted me warmly as I entered the lobby. I was given a lovely, comfortable room; unpacked and was soon at home. This is to be my home for the next week or so and I am looking forward to every minute of my stay. There are many old friends here and many familiar places which I plan to visit.

On arrival I had a telephone call from one of the finest men I know — the distinguished Reverend Dr. Frazer-Hurst, for many years minister of the large Elmwood Avenue Presbyterian Church in Belfast. He is now retired and living quietly in the lovely Merville Garden Village on the outskirts of Belfast. Not far from him live Mr. and Mrs. George B. Horscroft, whose friendship has been an inspiration for many years. Mr. Horscroft is an architect of unusual creative approach and I am certain he will have great recognition.

I had the unexpected joy of having the Reverend Savell Hicks, of the Dublin Unitarian Church accompany me on the "Enterprise train" from Dublin to Belfast. He is the Moderator of the Synod and was going up to Belfast for a committee meeting. I preached for him yesterday. I have written often of his fine mind, genial spirit, liberal theology and great personality. I need not be repetitious here.

This evening I spoke to the Belfast Lions Club in the Midland Hotel. This is the second time I have met this enthusiastic civic-minded group of Belfast business and professional leaders. I had some competition tonight as Billy Graham is in town and holding the last meeting of his British Campaign before he flies to the United States tomorrow. I didn't meet Billy — we were both busy at the same time; but he did occupy the next room to mine in the hotel and I could not help hearing him in a telephone conversation with someone at a late hour after his meeting. I was sorry

not to be able to hear him in Belfast. I attended his meeting when he was holding his crusade in the Madison Square Garden in New York City. There is very little in his theology with which I agree, but I have never doubted his sincerity. I believe he believes what he preaches and is doing a tremendous amount of good for many people. I only ask for myself the same freedom and liberty which I am always willing to grant. The tragedy is that there are religious people who are ready to condemn and criticize those who do not agree with them. Some of the most illiberal people I know are so-called liberals, and some of the most unchristian people I know are fanatical Christians.

Am going to retire now, with a good night prayer for those I love across the miles of sea and land.

Belfast,
Tuesday, 27 June.

A most interesting and inspiring day! Met two people from Chicago in the lobby of the Grand Central this noon — one of them I am to marry this Fall in Chicago. Meeting friends anywhere is always a pleasant experience, but when you meet them quite by accident in a foreign country there is a special warmth and enthusiasm.

I spent most of the day with Dr. Frazer-Hurst. The wealth of his familiarity with the best literature, his sane and logical theological thinking, his gracious hospitality, his appreciation of good companionship, his breadth of vision and his fine sense of humor make him an unusual and inspiring personality. He also possesses one of the first requisites for an ideal conversationalist — he is a good listener. We sat in his pleasant study and watched the enthronement of the new Archbishop of Canterbury — Dr. Ramsay — on his television set. The complete service was televised as it was taking place in the historic Canterbury Cathedral. I have visited often Canterbury Cathedral, every stone of which is alive with vibrant history. I had the opportunity of hearing Dr. Ramsay last winter in St. James Cathedral in Chicago. He is one of the great scholars of the Anglican Church. He is quite unpredictable. He is outspoken and does not hesitate to take the unpopular point of view. Dr. Frazer-Hurst and I exchanged many comments as the historic pageantry of an ancient ceremony unfolded. Dr. Ramsay is the one hundredth Archbishop of Canterbury, and I am sure the ancient cathedral never had a more colorful ceremony. I regretted we did not have a colorvision set. The newspapers of Britain covered the event with infinite detail. I have never seen a public event covered by television as effectively and satisfactorily as this telecast. It was a masterly demonstration of good television. The placing of the cameras and the faultless position of the microphones enabled us to hear and see much better than any person in the over-crowded cathedral. It was, in TV parlance, "a perfect coverage." The sermon was delivered by the new archbishop. Quietly he spoke, but with deep conviction and, as was to be expected by all who knew him well, there were definite statements about the future problems which he envisions concerning the relationship between church and state. He stated his position in no uncertain terms. I expect, and with this position Dr. Frazer-Hurst agreed, there will be many controversies ahead under the new archbishop. This is good. The Anglican Church is in the doldrums. People revere and love the ancient village churches. The great cathedrals

which adorn England are the objects of veneration and respect but are empty of people. A few summers ago June and I visited all but two of the historic cathedrals of England. They all have an Evensong Service at 5 in the afternoon. The attendance was pathetically small. We were at one service in Westminster Abbey where less than one hundred people were present. The best attended services in the Anglican Church are at St. Paul's Cathedral and there are many reasons for this.

After watching the more than two-hour service of the enthronement, Dr. Frazer-Hurst and I had the proverbial and delicious cup of tea, which the Doctor brewed skillfully. His beloved wife, whom we knew and loved, passed on recently. The Doctor is bravely carrying on in the cozy home alone. After tea we visited until dinner time and then dinner at "The Buttery." Back to his apartment in Merville Garden Village for one of the most interesting evenings of the entire summer.

The Doctor has learned the comfort which a good hobby can be to one in retirement. His love of books, his weekly editorial which appears every Saturday in the Belfast Telegraph, his Sunday preaching engagements (for he is in constant demand) all keep him occupied. But he has a hobby and it is a delightful and interesting one. He has some recording equipment and makes many recordings of unusual interest. These he shares with his friends. He and his lovely daughter, who lives in London, have made several recordings from Shakespeare's plays. He has sent me several of them and they compare most favorably with any similar recordings I know. The Doctor reads Shakespeare, poetry, extracts from literary masterpieces and the Scriptures as effectively as I have ever heard them read. His daughter has a faultless diction and unusual tonal qualities of speech as fine as any actress who reads Shakespeare. Their rendition of extracts from the literary masterpieces is an artistic experience. I wish you might hear one of their recordings. You would know I have not written extravagantly of their ability.

Tonight the Doctor played for me a recording which we made last year of my reading of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. He gave me this recording and I prize it highly, not because I made it, but because it represents the interest of a great and good man and my friend! It is a wonderful thing that this electronic age has given us. Now we can hear the voices of those who have been silenced by the inevitable visitor. I have in my study at home an album of recordings made by Jimmie a year before his death. He recorded many of the favorite poems which he read so effectively before many audiences. Yet I have never been able to play them. I have never heard his voice since that last long-distance call he made to me from our Island home a few days before his sudden death. Perhaps some quiet evening on that little island I shall play his record and perhaps not.

After an inspiring day I am back in my hotel room. As I put out my light I am sending across the miles my prayers and affection to my beloved church and family.

The press tonight is filled with foreboding news in the international field. Foolish man — stupid man — cannot you ever learn that hate, lust for power, envy and ambition only lead to agony and failure? I wonder what is ahead for us all. What a world it could be! What's the matter that so many seem

to have gone stark raving mad. Little man, you had better find another way.

Belfast,
28 June.

Another wonderful day! I often hear people say "Why do you spend so much time in Belfast?" The city is frequently referred to as a cold, gray, industrial city, without much interest. Only those who know Belfast superficially ever have that point of view. There are fine art galleries, a great university — Queens — several little theatre groups where exceptional work is being done in the creative theatre. Barry Fitzgerald and his brother, Arthur Shields, were from Ulster, and Whitford Kane came from Larne, a few miles north of Belfast. Some fine musical groups, an inspiring Church of Ireland Cathedral, and many fine churches are here. I could go on at some length about the interesting and historical places in Belfast. I have not mentioned its great shipbuilding yards or linen factories. Belfast is surrounded with beautiful scenery and is the gateway to the incomparable Antrim Coast Road, which winds along the coast all the way to the Giant's Causeway. For years I have gone up and down the Antrim Coast Road and always find something new and appealing.

The little village of Cushendun at the entrance of the Dun Glen is the mecca for artists, and here one of Ireland's best-known painters, Maurice Wilks, has painted. Last summer, when my sister, Mrs. Judson, was with me, we were able to get two of Mr. Wilks' smaller paintings, which we both cherish for their beauty and memory. We have since been corresponding with the artist and I hope to meet him while I am in Ireland.

This afternoon the Reverend John McCleery, minister of the Dunmurry Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church, called for me at the hotel. Mr. McCleery will be remembered by some in our church. He spent a year at the Meadville School, University of Chicago, and was a frequent visitor at our church and home. Years ago I preached for his wonderful father in his church at Raloo. His father always wrote with a quill pen and I have in my study desk some quill pens which his father made for me from the feathers of a goose he raised. They still write better than some modern pens. I wonder if there are many people these days who own a real quill pen? I prize mine. Mr. McCleery's wonderful mother is still living near her son's church. His father is sleeping in the churchyard of his son's church in Dunmurry. Mr. McCleery drove me to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Agnew. Dr. Agnew has preached for me in the Peoples Church, and the first sermon I ever preached in Ireland was delivered in his York St. Church in 1926. It's an ancient cliche, but like all cliches is true, that "old friends are the best friends," and one of the joys of my annual Irish visit is to meet again "old friends" whose memory is a benediction through the long, hard winter months.

At the Agnew home we were joined by Mrs. Agnew (Isobel to her friends) and we were off for the afternoon. Near-by Belfast is the quiet, peaceful community of Antrim. The ride is through a lovely countryside, with winding, hedge-lined roads. I have often visited Antrim and I return at every opportunity for here was the home of the interesting Alexander Irvine who wrote the little classic, "My Lady of the Chimney Corner." The thatched roofed, whitewashed cottage still stands. I have stood in the room where the chimney corner so

precious to his mother, in silent eloquence projects her love. On her deathbed she spoke these enduring words: "Love is enough." They are on her tombstone in the near-by church yard. Perhaps you might have heard my sermon on "Love Is Enough," which was inspired by the little book, "My Lady of the Chimney Corner." I have several copies in my library. One I cherish especially, for I bought it just across the street in Antrim, from the place where the author was born and where he spent his poverty-covered youth. Today the town authorities are restoring "Pogues Entry," the name of the entry which leads to the famous cottage. "Pogues Entry" is right on the main street of Antrim. With the traditional effort to preserve historical places and sights, which the old world seems to do better than we do at home, it is good that "Pogues Entry" is to be preserved. There is a fine biography of Alexander Irvine, which I suggest you read. He came to America, was a successful minister and social worker, an eloquent preacher, playwright and actor. The last time I saw him was in a meaningful one-act play in the old Grand Opera House on Clark Street. On his death the body was cremated and the ashes were sent back to Antrim, where they were placed on the grave of his mother, "My Lady of the Chimney Corner." I visited the cemetery today.

After spending some time in Antrim we drove back to Belfast. My heart was filled with appreciation for the meaning of the day and the renewal of the friendships with the McCleerys and the Agnews. On arrival at the hotel Dr. Frazer-Hurst was waiting and we were joined by the Doctor's daughter, Mrs. William Rowan, and his son-in-law, William. Two more delightful people I have never met. Mr. Rowan is a business man whose work takes him all over Ireland. He had driven that day from Dublin, but with his customary enthusiasm insisted we all go to the interesting and historic Crawfordsburn Lodge for dinner. This we did. The lodge is a very old and typical Irish inn; thatched roof and white-washed walls, and is over 200 years old. The grounds are landscaped and beautiful flowers are everywhere. It is one of the best eating places in all the United Kingdom. The lodge is situated right on the road which runs through the village. One enters through the typical half-door which so many Irish cottages have. After a delightful meal and a most interesting dinner conversation we drove back to the lovely Rowan home in a Belfast suburb to finish in the long twilight a day of delight and inspiration. The minister, the Reverend Mr. Crosier, who succeeded Dr. Frazer-Hurst at Elmwood, called to meet me. I found him to be a most interesting man, with none of the "ministerial professionalism" which so many ministers acquire. We ended the evening by his extending to me an invitation to preach in his famous Belfast pulpit on my return next year. This I hope to do, if for no other reason than I would like to stand in the pulpit where Dr. Frazer-Hurst stood for so many years.

The Belfast Telegraph last night had a quotation from Billy Graham's sermon which he preached in Belfast. I am printing the quotation just as the Telegraph printed it. Here it is:

> "Dr. Graham said that the religious intelligence of the average American was that of a 12-year old, so the secret of evangelism was to talk to people as if they were children. The average mind could not possibly comprehend the mystery of the cross: it had to be ex-

plained." Belfast Telegraph, 24 June, 1961."

If Billy Graham is quoted correctly, and I know from experience how misquoted one can be, I say quite plainly, I do not accept one word of the quote. When Billy Graham comes to Chicago next Spring, I should like to debate with him on his statement.

Well, it's been a long, but interesting, day and the hour is late.

Keep looking up!

Let us all plan to attend the opening service on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, when Dr. Bradley will speak on "In Deep Waters." This will be the beginning of his 50th year as our pastor. May we plan a great welcoming and homecoming morning. The Chorus Choir under the Bennetts are planning some special music. WLS will broadcast the entire service. The church was never more needed. Dr. Bradley has returned with renewed vigor. The world situation was never more serious. We need him. Let us demonstrate our appreciation for his courage, his vision, his broad, humanitarian outlook. His is a prophetic voice. As he walks into the pulpit, may he be greeted by a large and responsive congregation. E.W.S.

LET'S GET TOGETHER

A new church season is upon us and with it also a new year for *your* Sunday School.

Your Sunday School is conducted so as to carry out the pattern set by *your* church—The Peoples Church.

The aim is to explore together those qualities that build an interesting, useful, happy life in every way.

Each Sunday we all have the opportunity to give our views on a given quality, such as *aspiration, understanding, faith,* to mention a few. All good sources are brought out: the arts, the Bible, biography, nature, philosophy and others, as well as original thoughts. All are woven around a central theme, God, and how we can work with Him to do all that we know in our hearts we should be doing.

This is *our* Golden Anniversary Year, and by all joining in harmony, learning from each other, we can make it our very best.

You will find a group of your own age, where you will benefit in many ways: a new outlook, new friends, social events, a whole new life for you.

We *need* you. Please come on Sunday, Sept. 17, to Anderson Hall, Peoples Church, 9:45 a.m. Bring your children and friends. Give us a chance to prove that *you* need us. WE WELCOME YOU!

OPENING SERVICE

PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence at Sheridan

GOLDEN JUBILEE YEAR

Dr. Preston Bradley's 50th Year of Service to The Peoples Church and Chicago

Let us welcome him

Sunday, September 17—11:00 a.m.

Dr. Bradley's subject: "In Deep Waters"

OPENING LUNCHEON OF WOMAN'S CLUB

Wednesday, September 20th, has been chosen as the date for the Annual Fall Luncheon of the Woman's Club.

A new setting has been planned for this year, and the luncheon will be held at the Edgewater Golf Club, 2045 W. Pratt Boulevard, at 12:30 p.m. People are still very outdoor-minded in September, and the outlying areas are very attractive.

If one is not driving, for those living a little west of the lake, take the Western-Howard Bus (there is a Western Ave. bus which does not go as far north as Howard, so watch that you take the Western-*Howard)* north to Lunt (7000 north), transferring to a Lunt Bus and riding east from Western (which is 2400 west) to 2100 west and walk two blocks south to Pratt Avenue.

If you live east, near the lake, take a 151 Sheridan Road bus to Lunt, and take the Lunt Ave. bus west to 2100 and walk two blocks south to Pratt.

Mrs. Viggo Jensen, Program Chairman, will present the guest artists, Carla Bodánn, Soprano, and Frederick Griswold, Bass. A very interesting program has been planned by these artists, ranging from opera to semi-classics and popular numbers.

Dr. Bradley will be guest speaker and this will be a splendid opportunity to give him a hearty welcome at the opening of the 1961-62 season of church activities. He and Mrs. Bradley will be Honored Guests.

Mrs. Harry D. Stone, the President, will preside and will no doubt be full of plans for the season.

Call LO 1-6878 for reservations, which are $3.50 each.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

DID YOU ever stop to think that time, though a fleeting thing, is a precious instrument when properly employed? It is more than money, for if you have time you can obtain money usually. Philosophers have explained space, but have not explained time. It is the inexplicable raw material of everything. With it all is possible; without it nothing. The supply of time is a daily miracle. You wake up in the morning and find your purse magically filled with twenty-four hours of the unmanufactured tissue of the universe of your life. It is yours. It is the most precious of possessoins. No one can take it from you. And no one received either more or less than you. In the realm of time there is no aristocracy of wealth or of intellect. Genius is never rewarded by even an extra hour a day. Waste this infinitely precious commodity as much as you will, the supply will never be withheld from you.

It is impossible to get into debt, for you cannot draw on the future. You can only waste the passing moment. You cannot waste tomorrow; it is kept for you. You have to live on this twenty-four hours of daily time. You can neither add to, nor detract from it. Out of those twenty-four hours a day you may spin wealth, pleasure, health, content and respect.

The right use of time is then a matter of highest urgency. If you cannot arrange that income of twenty-four hours a day allotted you so that it will cover all proper items of time-expenditure, then you'll definitely muddle through life with unrealized ambitions, and goals unattained; for the supply of time, though gloriously regular, is cruelly restricted.

Time is the greatest of all spending departments in our daily lives. How you spend it is your concern. You cannot say "I will alter this or that when I have more time. You never will have any more time, for you have and always have had all the time there is.

It is for you to decide how to spend that time. Dribble it away in frivolity or spend it miserly, working to attain your goals. The decision is yours to make—now! While you still have time!

"A TIME FOR GREATNESS"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

April 23, 1961

IN January Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Six, the January before the July in which the Declaration of Independence was written, one of the wisest men in political philosophy this country has ever had, and one of the most courageous men, and one of the men who plowed his personality into the revolutions of three nations (United States, France and Great Britain) was Thomas Paine. Thomas Paine is one of the damned souls of our own history largely because he thought "out of the groove" religiously. He has been called an atheist, which he wasn't. He has been called many things, but he was one of the wisest men in his analytical understanding of the processes of democracy the world has ever known, and in January Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Six Thomas Paine wrote a great book.

It's a book that I have been rereading these days in the light of this acute crisis (more acute than most people seem to think) which has settled down upon us. The book is called *THE CRISIS* and the first sentence of that book, if I were taking a text this morning, would be my text. The first sentence of that book is: "These are the times that try men's souls!" That was written in January Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Six! You'll find it in the first paragraph of Thomas Paine's *THE CRISIS:* "These are the times that try men's souls!"

I know of no sentence that describes more accurately, adequately, or exhaustively this hour! This is the hour when our souls are being tried as they probably haven't been in a long, long time! During a rather long lifetime, with increasing opportunity of having the ears of people listening to what one has to say day after day, there has deepened upon me in these last few days a sense of responsibility which is unprecedented in my own life! A sense of responsibility because the greatest power in a democracy (greater than your high buildings; greater than your gold in Fort Knox; greater than the external evidences of economic security; greater than industrial development) is that institution, that newspaper, that radio commentator, that educator, that individual who has the opportunity of creating public opinion! Public opinion is the greatest power in a democracy and, indeed, to a great extent it is a power in the tyranny of a dictatorship! Public opinion! For public opinion always leads to a decision—always! Public opinion! And a decision always leads to destiny! A people create a public opinion; as a result of that public opinion they make a decision; as a result of that decision they create a destiny.

Never in my lifetime, never, and I have lived through four wars, but never in my lifetime did I ever experience the kind of deep-seated, you may call it emotional concept if you choose), but a deep-seated sense of being burdened. I can't explain it. I don't know as I can adequately analyze it. I am deeply burdened! I am burdened, first of all, from a psychological influence and that influence is: it need never have been! This hour in the history of this nation and in the history of our world could have been prevented! It

need never have happened! That is a very poor place in which to begin in a crisis or to talk about the time for greatness because you can't do anything about it! Neither you nor I, nor anyone in the Government or in the nation or in the world can go back and undo what has been done! We can't do it in diplomacy; we can't do it in economics; we can't do it in education; we can't do it in religion—we have to begin where we are, here and now! Port-mortems are of no value! Saying what might have happened is of no significance! We have to begin where we are—and where are we?

We are almost an island in a world we have tried to help, in a world where we have had no covetousness for an acre of any nation's land on this earth! I would defy the most bitter enemy of the United States to give me one example in our history of where we have coveted another nation's earth! We have not been interested in stealing or acquiring the land or the earth which belongs to other nations! We have none of that in our hearts today: we don't want an acre of land that belongs to the Soviet Union; we don't want an acre of land that belongs to Cuba, not an acre! We don't want a single dollar of any nation's money! If you want to analyze the motivation for our position in the world, please take that into consideration! Please! We have been unable to get that across to the rest of the world and increasingly are they growing suspicious of the purity of our motives and our real objectives in the world! That is tragic! That is the very heart of this. It is proverbial and almost axiomatic that human nature seems to be so constituted that the very people you try to help the most are frequently the people who will turn on you! That is axiomatic! You will have that experience in your own individual life! I have had it! Very frequently the people for whom you have done the most and those you have tried to help the most are the people who will turn on you and rend you limb from limb! That's human nature, somehow. It's a ghastly thing, but it's true! And just as individuals react against a person who wins in life and who succeeds in life and who becomes successful in life, the green-eyed monster of jealousy works its way into their hearts and hate is the result!

The powerful nation is always the hated nation! The powerful individual is always the hated individual; the successful individual always has to bear the darts of the failures! In that great period of British history when Great Britain was the master of the seas and about whom it was said "The sun never sets on the British Empire!", in that hour Britain was the most hated nation in the world! All the rest of the world hated her! That's a tragic thing, but it's true! And those of you who have been hearing me from Sunday to Sunday and from year to year, in the five great crises through which our country has passed while I have been in this pulpit (two major wars and three minor depressions) we have gone through them all together, and those of you who have been hearing me in these last few months cannot help, I think, but detect an undertone or an overtone of what I have been trying to say for a long, long time: there will be a judgment day, and no nation can be rich enough or powerful enough or strong enough to escape that judgment day! There's always a judgment day in a life as well!

To me the test of greatness, as you have heard me say time and time again, and I must reiterate it now, not only for emphasis but because I think it indicates a basic and fundamental

truth: what a person does in an emergency is the test of that person's character! Let me see you, not when things are moving along gracefully and delightfully for you; not when you are being honored and loved; not when things are going well in the home; not when the children are doing well in school; not when you've had an increase in salary (those things are not the tests of your character, not at all) but let me see your house fall about you like a house of cards; let me see tragedy walk across your threshold; let me see you when the things you've given your life to are scattered about your feet in ignominy and in shame, let me see you then, and how you react then, and I will read your character! I will not read it when things go well—that is no evidence of character, it requires no great ability! No! Let me see you when the house falls; let me see you in the failure of your business and your creditors force you into bankruptcy; let me see you when you come home to tell the little woman that you've lost your job and the dream that you had for the summer has evaporated and faded and gone; let me see you when the policeman knocks at your door with your seventeen-year-old boy, and disgrace and failure have crossed your threshold! Let me see you then! I will read your character: I will tell you what you are! And the great Macauley has told us that "a nation is but the epitome of an individual," and the same laws which apply to the individual apply to the nation, and I believe it! My nation is in trouble! My President in two weeks has changed from a buoyant, enthusiastic and smiling man, and has aged in these last two weeks tragically and frightfully—the sobriety of an emergency! It has come upon us all, and that is going to be our time for greatness! This is the hour for greatness; this is the hour for courage! *A TIME FOR GREATNESS!* Not despair; not running away—greatness!

Last night we observed the three hundred and ninety-seventh anniversary of the birth of William Shakespeare! The literary people of this entire city were gathered together last night. I closed that evening with a quotation from the immortal Shakespeare, with which I shall close this sermon. Listen to it:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures."

Infinite Spirit of Love, help our hearts not to fear and tremble and quake; help us to realize this is the time for greatness! Help us to do our little part in the area in which we live, to lead our nation and the world we love back again to dignity, to greatness, and to peace!

BOOK CHATS

THE Book of Joe, by Vincent Price, published by Doubleday, with illustrations by Leo Hershfield, I would recommend to anyone and everyone. Why? Because it is so human and Joe is so understanding and such a fine character (he's a dog—just a dog) that I think it would sort

of be a good object lesson for humans. Of course the main reason I recommend it is that you will have such a wonderful time reading it. I know I did. I just started at the beginning and didn't put it down, except for the ordinary interruptions of the day, until I had finished it. It is only 144 pages, including the very graphic illustrations by Mr. Hershfield. Incidentally it gives quite a good little biographical sketch of Joe's master, Vincent Price, actor (perhaps you saw him in his stage role of Pince Albert to Helen Hayes's Queen Victoria in "Victoria Regina.") He was born in St. Louis, went to school there, received his B. A. from Yale, and attended the Courtwauld Institute at the University of London. He is an art collector and lecturer. His previous book, *I Like What I Know,* was warmly welcomed.

Mr. Price describes Joe as "No candidate for a show ring, my Joe. The only kind of ring with which he's familiar is the one he inadvertently but unremovably dyed in the dining-room rug. Dear but tactless friends have remarked that Joe is ugly. They make sport of his hairy, pointed ears; his legs that bow before and waddle after; the sweep of his tail (so luxurious even I have to admit it's slightly ridiculous . . . kind of like a waif wearing mink); they consider his color untidy and his nose tough as a truffle. Well, either they're blind or I am, because the older he gets the stronger these debatable charms take their claim of me."

You see, it's like this: Mr. Price loves his dog, Joe. He acquired him at a pet shop that dealt only in unpedigreed pets. Things were pretty lonely at Mr. Price's home at the time and he had more than one reason for feeling the need of a dog in the house. It was the day after Christmas when he bought Joe, marked down from $5 to $3.50. Even the proprietor of the shop recommended three other dogs ahead of Joe, but Vincent Price had looked Joe in the eye and Joe had looked back, with dignity—"the essential dignity of a mutt"—and he had just enough charm without too much temperament, and something in the dog's look said to Mr. Vincent Price: "Master, Friend, Pal . . . Hello! I'm Joe."

The story is beautifully written, the style quite individual and delightful.

The author says this about his liking for the unpedigreed dog: "If I were a dog, I'd like to be a mutt, and, come to think of it, as a person I prefer being a mutt too, not too closely identified with any race, which I'm not, being English, Welsh, French, and heaven knows what else. As a matter of fact, it's what I like about being an American. We have all the best mutt characteristics until we become grand or take ourselves too seriously."

The illustrator, Mr. Hershfield, has certainly been en rapport with the story. The pet shop scene, Vincent looking through the bars and making a choice from the four little pets on exhibit; the signals of affection between master and dog; Joe's almost too solicitous attentions at the sick-bed; Joe's placid acceptance of Prudence, the lady poodle, who sat with her hindquarters sedately on Joe's back, because the stone floors were too cold for her liking; Joe's neglect of his food while he is madly in love with a lady of his choosing farther down the canyon, and Prudence gleefully eating her dinner and Joe's too, thereby losing her girlish figure and displeasing Mary, Vincent's wife; the camel in the TV show "Baghdad," who became enormously attached to Mr. Price, and who ruined the scenes by her inhuman howls whenever Mr. Price appeared;

the debacle of the old talkative canyon fellow, who while riding his bicycle down the hill was pursued by many dogs of the neighborhood but ran into Joe, who merely ran out to see what the hullabaloo was all about; and, finally, the courtroom scene, with Joe present, the jury, the clerk and the Judge and bailiff all focusing smiling attention on Joe, who is sitting up on his hindquarters begging, while the opposing attorney for the old gentleman of the canyon is trying to prove to the jury that "vicious" Joe was the cause of a broken shoulder blade.

I fell in love with Joe right at the start and have a high regard for Mr. Vincent Price for doing the same. Joe's picture on the outside cover is very attractive and I don't think he is ugly at all—just a wonderfully lovable "mutt."

I had the pleasure of enjoying Mr. Price's splendid portrayal of Prince Albert in "Victoria Regina."

Too bad I didn't know Mr. Price lived in Hollywood when I was out there three years ago. I might have been able to see Joe running down the hill to visit one of his lady friends. I'm sure I would have said "Oh, what a darling old dog," and that Joe would have let me pet his head—no, he wouldn't have stopped that long if he happened to be on the mission I have suggested; not if what Mr. Price tells us about those missions is true, and I'm certain it is. If you want a delightful evening, read *The Book of Joe.*

* * *

Doubleday has just published *House Without a Roof* by Maurice Hindus (Russia after 43 years of revolution). Maurice Hindus was born in a Russian village in 1891, but emigrated to America in 1905. He graduated from Colgate University where he was a Phi Beta Kappa, and later attended Harvard University to study writing.

In 1923 the Century Magazine sent him to Russia for a series of articles on life under the Soviets, thus beginning his long career as an interpreter of Russia and the Russian people.

House Without a Roof is Maurice Hindus' fourteenth book for Doubleday, and is based on his frequent visits to Russia, the latest of which occurred in 1958 and 1960.

"Since the death of Stalin I have made two visits to the Soviet Union, one in the summer of 1958, the other two years later. As I traveled about the country observing the progress and the achievement, especially in industry, I began to feel that I was moving from room to room through a spacious house with no roof over it. Though the foundation was solidly constructed, walls were being torn down, rebuilt, or newly put up. Without permanent support no roof could be raised . . ."

It is in terms of individuals that Maurice Hindus has always seen the Soviet Union, rather than plans, production figures, and ideology. He has watched the dramatic development of a new society and in this book he reviews the four decades of Russian Communism—vast accomplishments and cynical betrayals, selfless idealism and ruthless nationalism, ceaseless crusades against religion and the remarkable triumph of the Baptists. But his story is always primarily concerned with people and what they reveal about their lives and problems.

In addition to the recent visits to Moscow and Leningrad, Maurice Hindus also visited the "new" Siberia; Tashkent, showplace of Soviet Asia; Poland and Czechoslovakia. He reports on the varied reactions in these places to Soviet domination and influence. He reveals as well the impact of America throughout the Soviet Union, despite

(*Continued on page* 17)

50th Anniversary Bazaar!

Have you made your plans for your contribution?

Perhaps you can make something beautiful for the baby?

There are a lot of them you know.

Or how about some preserves for the kitchen booth?

or some candy?

The Choir has a booth.

The Sunday School has a booth.

The Woman's Club has a booth.

The Professional and Business Woman's Club has a booth.

The Men's Club has a booth.

The Uptown Temple Club sells refreshments.

Have you asked somebody to give a donation?

The store where you trade might be glad for the extra advertising they will receive from a donation.

Have you gotten in touch with the officers of the club you belong to, in case you could help them prepare for the Bazaar in some way?

Have you let Mrs. Harry D. Stone, the General Chairman of the Bazaar, know of anything you can give that will need prior planning and chance books? Call her at RAvenswood 8-7912.

The sooner we all get organized the bigger and better the 50th Anniversary Bazaar will be. Let someone in charge hear from you about your donation.

Your friend and Pastor
Preston Bradley.

BOOK CHATS

(*Continued from page* 15)

Moscow's never-ending vilification of all things "Western."

Soviet humanity passes in colorful review through the pages of this book —men and women, peasants and workers, scientists and intellectuals, old guard Communists and the restless, questioning younger generation.

This man who by birth, language, and ethnic understanding is supremely qualified to bear witness, tells the human story of four decades of turmoil and today's results.

The book consists of 550 pages and a very complete index of twelve pages. This latter makes the book especially valuable since one can seek information on any subject covered in the book: for instance, under "A" here are a few of the listings: Abortions, Academicians, Africa, Aged, Agriculture, Air travel, Alcoholism, Arabs, Architecture, Army, Australia, Automobiles; under "B" Banditry (Siberian), Baptism, Baptist Church, Bardot, Briggitte, Edward Bellamy, Berlin, Bibles, Birth Control, Bolshaya Encyclopedia (distortions in, discussed), Bolsheviks (atheism of), Bonuses, Books and bookshops (in Poland), etc.

If you are interested in knowing all you can about Russia, feeling the pulse of the country, knowing what living is like there and how the individual Russian in various walks of life feels and thinks on many subjects, here is a mine of information for you, told in an interesting, instructive and authentic manner.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

DOES anybody you know need any hay? There are oceans of it in Vermont, a State from which I have just returned. And what a beautiful state it is! I was in the western part, just a few miles over the border from New York, and three miles from the southern end of Lake Champlain. I was staying in the home of a retired farmer and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Brisson, on Highway 22A, at Orwell, Vermont.

The Brissons have eight children and 24 grandchildren. As most of the sons and daughters (four of each) were possessed of farms in the nearby country and I was taken on occasion to meet them all, I naturally tried to keep them all straightened out in my mind, but without much success. As grandchildren would come to call, I was certain to say "Hello, Steve," when I should have said Richard, or of the daughters, "Thelma" when I should have said Mary Esther. They are all grand people, however, and were very understanding and charitable. Why they all should have been so good looking and personable I shall never understand, though they have a very good-looking pair of parents. However, it does not always follow that all the children are good looking, and the grandchildren as well.

I was interested in seeing these big, prosperous farms, the great barns with

40 to 50 cows in them, machine milkers and hand-milkers; also watching the machines bale the hay, picking it up from the field, rolling it in oblong bales, tying it and cutting the knot, then passing it out on the field. Before I left one of the sons, Robert, had bought a machine which in addition tossed the bales onto the wagon ready to be taken to the barn, from where the bales were passed onto a cog-wheeled incline and carried thus into the barn, a man being needed to lift the bales onto the moving plane and one to place the bales in the barn. My memories of childhood were of standing in a wagon, moving the hay around as it was tossed up to me and then of watching as the men pitched it onto the hayloft. From what I saw in Vermont, on the large farms at least, those days are gone forever.

The difficulty with this season was too much rain and contriving to get the hay dried and into the barn before the bales should be drenched. I saw barns with the hay oozing out windows and doors, like an unkempt bird's nest, with a full wagonload of hay-bales standing in the barnyard in addition. All I heard about was hay, hay, hay — the country was running over with it, but the problem was getting it dry and keeping it so.

We had two regular cloudbursts while I was there, with a flash flood in the meadows.

Soon after my arrival I saw deer. This amazed me, as the country seemed so open, it hadn't occurred to me deer would be anywhere about. In one evening's ride I counted eight deer. At another time I saw a baby red fox in the road coming toward us, and from a distance I almost took it to be a kitten. There were woodchucks and rabbits, and the old standby, a skunk. I did not see the latter but knew he or she was somewhere in the offing.

The Adirondacks were to the west of us and the Green Mountains to the east. I do miss the good country air, which gave me such wonderfully restful nights, with plenty of refreshing sleep. I do not need to check with the scales to tell me I had excellent food at "The Spruces," the guest home of the Brisson's.

I had gone to Vermont with two ideas in mind, but one uppermost: I wanted to visit my very dear friend, Mrs. Karl Buehr, who had forwarded and furthered my initial interest in the field of art. The widow of Karl Buehr, well-known landscape and portrait painter, and teacher at the Art Institute for many, many years, she had gone from Old Town, where she lived with her son, George Buehr and Margo Hoff, his wife, to live with her daughter, Mrs. Robert W. Granger and her husband, at Orwell, Vermont. Mr. Robert Granger is a physicist and principal of a grammar and junior high school at Shoreham, Vermont. They have a most beautiful and ideal English Colonial home at the top of a hill, with a forest in back of them, and acres all around them, a few miles outside of Orwell. Mrs. Granger is a very fine artist herself, and though she prefers writing to painting, her home is filled with the beauty of her hand and artistry. I bathed myself in the beauty, both outside and inside the home on my many visits while staying about two miles down the road from them. I don't know whether to say "down the road" or "up the road," as it was uphill and downhill both going and coming.

I am very partial to mountains and, as a second-best choice, to hills, and this country where I stayed was ideal from this standpoint. Rolling country

all around us and the mountains in the distance in two directions.

We think everyone in the city has an auto. Well, the country seems no different in this respect. Everyone in Vermont seemed to ride. So, about the second time I went walking over hill and dale to the Granger's, Mrs. Granger, who was looking out an upstairs window in the direction from which I was coming, said to Mr. G., "Guess who's coming down the road." "Who?" said he. "The only person who walks in the State of Vermont," said she.

Mrs. Buehr keeps very busy keeping in touch with all the people she taught and helped at the various Senior Centers where she gave so much loving service while living here in Chicago. When the Center at 1149 N. LaSalle was first opened, Mrs. Buehr presented them with a very large beautiful painting by Karl Buehr. Then she gave of her time, talent and sparkling personality in great measure. Not only did she inspire many a "Senior" to find a hobby outlet, but many developed real talent in some of the arts. In addition, Mary's kind and patient attention to the stories of frustration or fear poured into her listening ears soon won her the loving sobriquet of "Aunt Mary." And so, when I visited her at Orwell, I found her busily involved in much correspondence with not only her relatives and close personal friends back here in the West, but also with many of her Senior Center "nieces" and "nephews" who keep up a continual correspondence with their "Aunt Mary." Since she herself is in her Senior years, it was quite confusing, until one understood the story, to hear some 70-year-old addressing her as "Aunt Mary."

There is a dear little Congregational Church in Orwell which, as Miss Mabel Grow told me, at one time had a congregation which filled the church to overflowing. Many of those "oldtimers" have passed on and, as the countryside has gradually become almost entirely French Catholic, the little church has only a small membership. Mary Buehr attends this little church and when Mabel Grow called for Mary Buehr she stopped and picked me up as well. So I have really been supporting two churches all through the summer. When I first arrived at Orwell, Mrs. Brisson kept referring to the "Congo" church. I immediately thought of the African Congo and wondered what in the world it meant, later to find out she referred to the Congregational Church where Mary Buehr attended.

The ladies of Orwell were very hospitable and friendly, Mrs. Marguerite Brooks having me over to tea one Sunday, Mabel Grow having a luncheon for me in her lovely old home and the Granger's inviting me to a real Thanksgiving turkey dinner with all the trimmings, and Mary taking me to dinner with the Grangers in the pleasant town of Middlebury the night before I left. One day we went on a picnic ride, just Mary and Mabel and I, taking our lunch with us, destination unplanned as far as Mary and I were concerned. However, Mabel suggested Hortonia Lake, the ride there being lovely and the lake a beautiful one. After reaching the road back of many of the summer cottages, Mabel stopped the car and went down the hill to one of the cottages. She returned with Mrs. Munger, who invited us down to her table at the front of the cabin, but before we reached it she suggested that we come in to the lake-side glassed-in porch, as the wind was strong and cool. The Mungers had only come out to the cabin for

the day, yet they turned over the porch to us, taking their lunch inside in the three-room trailer which formed the center of the little house, with a big porch built on either side of it. Such was the hospitable kindness of everyone I met in Vermont. The wind was too strong for sketching on the side of the cabin where I had planned to sketch, so I huddled in the protection of the house and sketched whatever was there. It turned out to be quite interesting, as Mr. Munger had built a patio of vari-colored slate in front of the house, three feet below the ground floor and it was quite picturesque, with the wooded hill on the far shore.

I did not do quite as much sketching and painting as I had imagined I would, because circumstances were somewhat against it until I got thoroughly oriented. The Brisson house is on a hill with open country all around it. There is a perpetual breeze. One lovely tree at the front of the house fascinated me because its leaves were constantly shimmering. Only one day in the entire time I was there did those leaves not shimmer. Such was the breeziness of the location. I would get all my equipment outside and definitely propped against the wind, and like as not, by the time I got started, clouds would come over and the rain come down. This went on for seven or eight days. Finally, after I had done some sketching, I would often do the painting job on the screened-in and glassed-in porch across the front of the house. Therefore I most of the time did not go far afield for my subjects. However, I feel that I did get in quite a bit of good practice while there.

Just to remind me of what is ahead in the Peoples Church, the Catholic Church to which Mrs. Brisson and her family belong, held a church bazaar on the village green shortly before I came home and of course I went. Did anyone ever resist a church bazaar? They really did very well financially for so small a town, since the main street of Orwell is about a block long, with a gas station, a bank and two grocery stores comprising its business section. They cleared in the neighborhood of $400 in one night. So after helping two Orwell churches, I must now get busy with my own.

Now I am back at work, in the work I love, and at the service of our Liberalist readers, and of the Church and Dr. Bradley.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Thank you for your letter a few days ago and, as you say, it always seems like a little chat with you. But I do want to thank you again and again for your personal Christmas Greetings. I can't tell you the joy and pleasure it brought to my life, as it was one of the loneliest Christmases I have had for years, and please forgive my seeming neglect in not answering long ago, as it was not intentional.

This past winter was one of the worst winters I have seen in these parts, which no doubt you have heard about. I was shut in for weeks and, owing to poor eyesight and snowy, icy streets, I didn't dare go out, and being alone didn't help. But with the help of some fine friends I managed.

The doctor told me over a year ago I had a cataract on both eyes, but the left was much worse than the right. He tells me now it is ready for operation. I told him I couldn't decide at the moment, until my niece returned to the U.S.A. next month, as she and I are the only two left in our family. I don't know if you ever heard that both her mother and father passed on several years ago. You will only remem-

ber her as a little girl, when she and the two little Greene girls used to go to Sunday School in the old building on Waveland. My! How time has flown by quickly. Now Esther is returning home for good after twelve years of living and working doing research work for the government and military as a geologist. She was in Tokyo two and a half years, then in Germany eight months, and the next year in Algiers. On the way there she met her future husband. He came back the year after and they were married and they went back to Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, as he had been working for the Arabian American Oil Company. This Fall he has been retired, so they are coming back, as Esther says, to the good old U.S.A. for good, and as you will recall her as Esther J. Aberdeen, and now her last name is Holm.

And now may I say, after all these years, dear Preston, you, too, have gone a long way and I have followed your work with great pride. My only regret has been that I have not been able to help in a way that I would love to have done, but I am sure you realize my best thoughts and always good wishes have been yours.

You said you were 73 in your Christmas letter, and I was 87 on January 5, 1961. Oh, how I would love to be with you at your Golden Anniversary, but if my eye operation is done in August I would be unable to travel. But my thoughts and wishes will be there. Esther has been wonderful to me, for which I am very grateful.

Please excuse my mistakes, for writing is not easy. I wish it were possible to enclose a large check. The heart is willing but—.

With love and best wishes for a very happy summer to you and Mrs. Bradley,

Affectionately,

Annie Bates

When Dr. Bradley first came to Chicago as a young student minister, he lived at the home of Mrs. Annie Bates. He has often told his church audiences of her great kindness to him and how frequently she had to wait for his room rent. She is the only living charter member of the Peoples Church, having been a member since July 5, 1912, and Dr. Bradley has invited her to come to Chicago as a guest of the church and to sit at the speaker's table at his 50th Anniversary Banquet. By then the eye operation will be all over and she will be able to travel. She is living in a Home in Washington, D.C. and if some of the older members of the church who read these lines might like to write her, the address is 1230 New Hampshire Avenue, N.W., Apt. 301, Washington, D.C. I am sure she would love to have letters from some of our members, for she has kept in touch with Dr. Bradley and his work for all these 49 years.

* * *

From the State's Attorney of Tazewell County, Pekin, Illinois, comes this very lovely letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Enclosed is my check which I hope will be of some aid in the work of the church.

For some years I have intended to write to you and attempt to express my appreciation for the help you have given me through the years. However, I always seem to end up putting only a check in an envelope—and sometimes not even that.

I *could* write a long story, but I probably shall never get around to doing that; however, I do want you to know that you have given me a great deal of comfort and strength during the past ten to fifteen years. As a matter of fact, I might never have run for office in 1952 if a sermon of yours (or per-

haps several of them) had not awakened in me a sense of responsibility that led me to let my name be placed on the ballot for an office that I had always sworn I would not have. (The idea of prosecuting people did not appeal to me—and I still don't enjoy it—but after I got back from service in the Navy in World War II, the stories of corruption, of law enforcement officers taking bribes to permit gambling, etc., irritated me considerably.)

Then after I got elected, and the going was a bit rough—when some of my policies were quite unpopular with a very vocal segment of the populace —every now and then a sermon of yours would supply just the words I needed to revive my spirits and to give me the courage to go on fighting for principles that I knew were right.

In a world that has been pretty much unsettled during my almost 48 years, your words carried by radio to home or automobile in late years have been a sustaining influence. I miss the association of people in a sanctuary; however, after early years of Presbyterian orthodoxy in a small town and then almost the opposite extreme after majoring in philosophy at the University of Illinois, I am selfish enough to want what I can "accept" even though it may mean that I am not setting the best example so far as the church-going public is concerned.

As I indicated at the beginning of what was intended to be a *note,* I wanted you to know what your ministry has meant to me. I thought perhaps you would like to know.

My sincere thanks for the inspiration, the courage, the inner strength that your words have given me. Words cannot adequately express my gratitude.

I wish you Godspeed in your travels this summer. I shall be looking forward to your return in September.

Sincerely, Ben Railsback

Often I wish the writer of such a letter as the above, could hear Dr. Bradley's expression of appreciation over such a letter as this, for surely it is the realization of the fruits of his work which serve as a continual tonic and source of strength and inspiration for that work to go on. We all like to know our work is worthwhile, from the humblest to the greatest, and gratitude always blesses the giver and the receiver. * * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Dr. Bradley, your friendship has meant so much to my husband and me. Your philosophy was an inspiration to us. Hilding's own character was influenced for good through his association with you.

It was kind of you to visit Hilding during his long illness, and to counsel with him during his troubled hours. He never gave up his desire to live, and this in itself which was a help to him, even thought he could not surmount the inevitable.

How good of you to offer the Peoples Church as the place where Hilding's memorial service was held. You spoke as his friend and all who knew and loved Hilding were deeply touched by your tribute. I believe that Hilding would have wished it just as it was arranged, and he would have been truly complimented by your very personal service. Mr. Schweig's singing was beautifu land the songs selected were most appropriate.

Thank you, Dr. Bradley, enriching the life of my husband, and for helping so much to pay just tribute to his memory at the time of his passing.

Most sincerely,

Ruth M. Anderson.

KEEP - ON - THE - BEAM

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Service, Opening of 50th Year, Sept. 17, Broadcast by WLS .... 11:00 a.m.

Chicago Sunday Evening Forum (November to Easter) Broadcast by WEBH-FM. 7:00 p.m.

Sunday School, Anderson Hall: All classes meet Sept. 17 to Easter ..... 9:45 a.m.

There is instruction for children who, because of distance, cannot come before 10:45 and for children who remain through the church services. A special class for youth over high school age, under Walter Haize. Jack E. Kolinen, superintendent.

Choir Rehearsal every Sunday beginning Sunday, September 17. New members welcome. ..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club: Meets first and third Sunday of the month. Watch church calendar for announcements, or call SU 4-5173 ..... 5:00 p.m.

Women's Club: Opening luncheon Sept. 20th, Wednesday, at Edgewater Golf Club, 2045 W. Pratt Blvd. Dr. Bradley Guest speaker. Guest artists: Carla Bodann, Soprano, Frederick Griswold, Bass. Reservations with church office before Sept. 18. $3.50 ..... 12:30 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club, Sept. 10th, Opening meeting ..... 4:00 p.m.

Men's Club meets Tuesday, Sept. 26th. Guest speaker, Dr. Bradley. "The Ireland I Love" illustrated with colored slides taken by Dr. Bradley. Meeting for men only ..... 8:00 p.m.

Great Books Course Class: First and third Tuesdays, Anderson Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave. ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule

WFMF, 100.3—Daily ..... 10:00 a.m. and 10:00 p.m.

WLS broadcasts the Sunday morning service ..... 11:00 a.m.

WCFL, Vesper Broadcast, every Sunday ..... 5:45 p.m.

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The latest report from WLS shows that the 11 a.m. Sunday broadcast from The Peoples Church over WLS has the highest rating of any religious program originating in Chicago on any station at any hour.

For the great courtesy and support which Magikist Services extend to The Peoples Church, we express our deepest gratitude.

Preston Bradley

A friendly hint from a neighbor

A recent nationwide study conducted by the Central Automobile Safety Committee of Kemper Insurance revealed that seven out of ten persons killed or injured in traffic accidents are innocent victims of law-violating drivers.

Here's a tip that may save lives, perhaps your own: KNOW and OBEY traffic laws and DEMAND and SUPPORT strict and impartial enforcement of realistic traffic laws.

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